

Mustang Daily

California Polytechnic State University, San Luis Obispo

Mike Mendes elected 1985-86 ASI president

By KEVIN H. FOX
Managing Editor

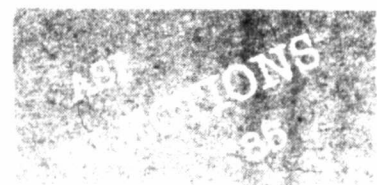
Senior Agriculture Business Management major Mike Mendes was elected yesterday to serve as Associated Students Inc. president for the 1985-86 school year.

Mendes defeated Electrical Engineering senior Steve Dunton in a runoff election that had a turnout of 2,158 students, or approximately 13 percent of the student body.

Mendes received 1,207 votes to Dunton's 951 in the election that was held because neither of the two presidential candidates were able to garner enough votes to

gain a majority in the first election held last week. Last week's first round election found a voting turnout of close to 17.5 percent.

"I'm very, very happy," said Mendes. "I feel that the people who really knew the people and the issues turned out to vote."



Mendes said that one of his highest priorities for next year will be to increase student in-

volvement in the election process. "I would like to work toward having more voting locations on campus and by trying to find some way in which we can recognize those who vote," he said. "I think we need to learn something from our national elections. Maybe giving out buttons to those who vote can increase the total number."

The first thing Mendes wants to do when he takes office the first day of Summer Quarter is to begin preparing himself for the myriad duties of the office. The ASI president acts as the president of the student body and also as the chief executive officer of the Associated Students Inc.

"I will really try to become prepared for the position," Mendes said. "I want to become knowledgeable on all the details of the job so that when the student senators and the various committees return in the fall I can help to crystalize the parameters of the positions. Maybe we can all start the year with a greater understanding of what our positions are able to do."

Mendes will join John Sweeney, who was elected to serve as ASI vice president. "I really feel good about working with John next year. We are friends and can work well together," Mendes.



Over 200 attend apartheid rally

By DAWN YOSHITAKE
Staff Writer

More than 200 students, faculty and staff attended the anti-apartheid rally held in the University Union Plaza Wednesday.

It was an educational experience that wasn't confined within four walls of a classroom.

People attending the Apartheid Awareness Rally listened intently to information on the racial segregation practiced in South Africa.

Nine speakers comprised of Cal Poly students, faculty and staff gave presentations on subjects ranging from the history of apartheid to action that can be taken in protest of South Africa.

Associate History Professor Taylor Quintard said apartheid has been practiced in South Africa for many years, but the current apartheid system was established in 1948.

The Population Registration Act requires everyone to register their race with the government and whites are the only ones allowed to carry all legal, political and economic privileges, said Quintard.

He explained such privileges include the right to vote, hold an office, own a business and educate their children.

Quintard also said anyone violating the Group Areas Act, which segregates different races into separate residential areas, faces up to five years in prison.

Protesting any government action violates the Suppression of Communism Act, and sexual intercourse between whites and non-whites is punishable up to seven years in prison under the Immorality Act. Marriage is also outlawed between whites and non-whites under the Immorality Act.

"The whites have political power... non-whites are denied any control over their own lives," said Quintard.

History Professor Bud Beecher spoke on the ties Cal Poly has with South Africa.

"The Public Employees Retirement System deducts money from employees' checks and reinvests the monies to generate more money for retire-

ment... SB 9 (Senate Bill 9) is going before the California legislator to deny PERS money for South African investments," Beecher said.

PERS's main contributor is the full-time faculty and staff of the California State University system, he said.

"They're taking my money and putting it into apartheid," Beecher added.

Lockley Geoghagen, associate director of student academic services, asked the crowd if they were willing to be a silent majority that believes in segregation. A boisterous "No" was the crowd's response.

"Then let's do something about it... just don't write the governor, write IBM and General Motors," said Geoghagen of those companies' South African investments.

Wille Coleman, assistant director of Activities Planning Center, told how the apartheid system affects black women living in South Africa.

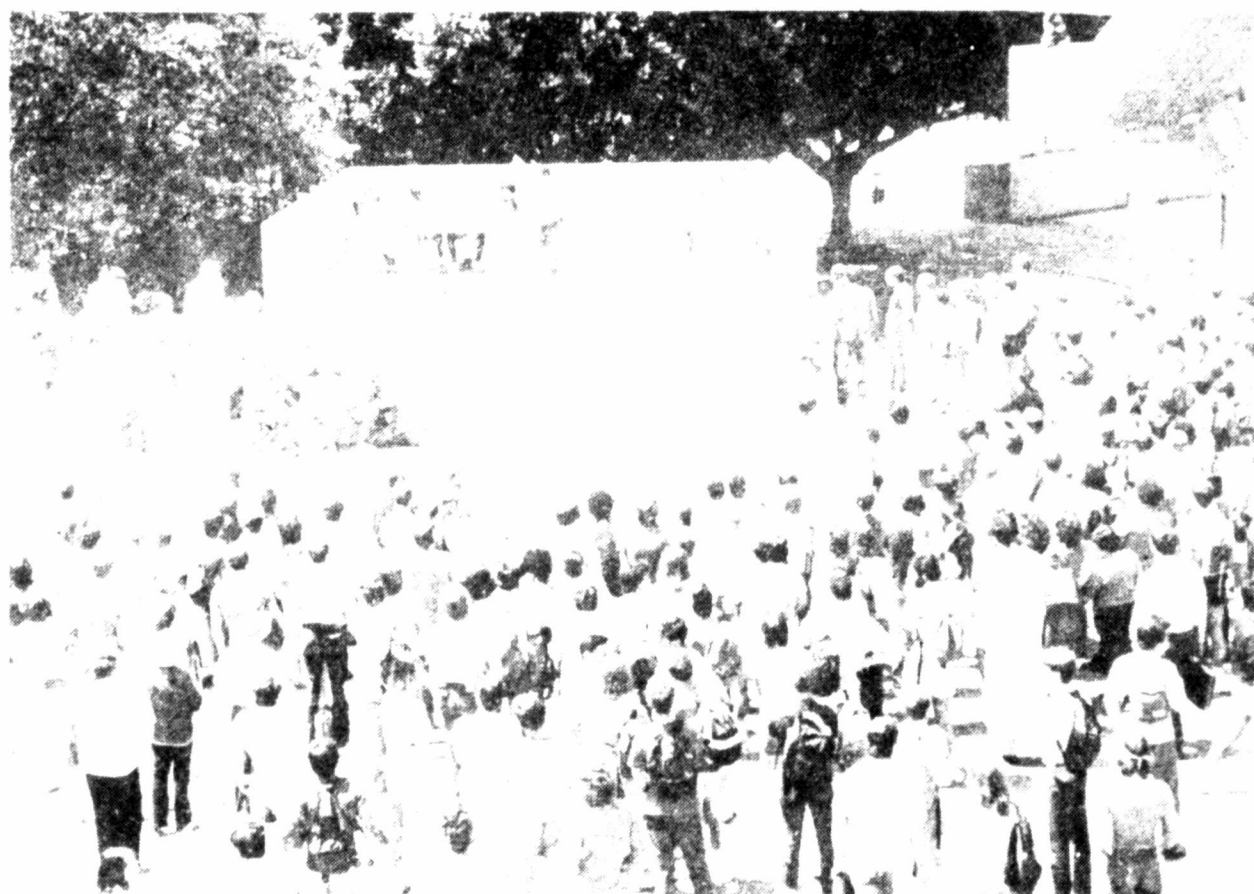
Coleman said women working in South African cities can't live with their children if they are live-in domestic servants. She explained children are sent to a designated "homeland" and sometimes neither the mother nor child has ever been to that area.

If a woman works in the urban area, she has to have a work permit, Coleman said. If she wants to live with her family, her husband and child over 16 years old also need a work permit in the same city, she added.

She suggested that interested people write their elected representatives to approve divestiture action in South Africa, request the media to cover more stories on apartheid and take any savings or checking accounts out of Bank of America or Citicorp, because those banks have investments in South Africa.

"It's rare that an employer will hire a woman, her husband and 16-year-old child, but it sometimes happens," said Coleman.

Cal Poly alumnus Paquita Bath told people ways to protest apartheid in South Africa.



More than 200 students gather in the University Union Plaza Wednesday for the Apartheid Awareness Rally.

DAWN YOSHITAKE/Mustang Daily

Student takes charge over 100,000

Super Poly Royal man finishes job

By SALLY KINSELL
Staff Writer

Every year over 100,000 people come to Cal Poly as part of the phenomenon popularly called Poly Royal. Most of us just come for two days but there is one man who lives and breathes Poly Royal for an entire year.

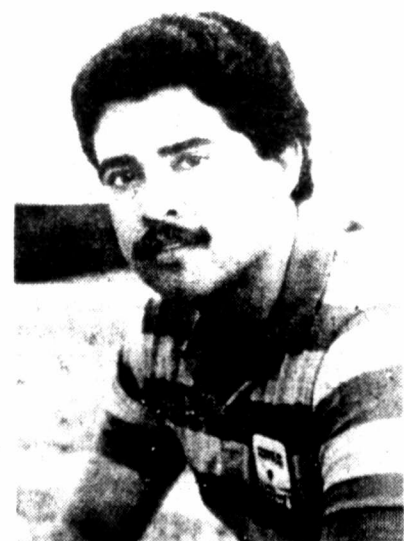
He is Ray Reed, this year's superintendent of Poly Royal. Reed is a 21-year-old agriculture management student and he is responsible for a large extent of the activities offered during Poly Royal. His job includes presiding over the executive and general boards of Poly Royal and acting as a go between for the administration, the students, the Poly Royal board, and the community.

Despite the hard work and the tremendous amount of time required for this job, Reed says he is really happy he's so involved. "It's a thrill," he said "because it's a big responsibility and you know if something goes wrong they don't look to the person who messed up, they look to you because you're in charge of that person."

Reed said he has learned a lot during his time as superinten-

dant. "I've learned more about how to administrate," he said. "You have to know how to administrate well. You can't jump in and do the job yourself, you've just got to make sure that the job gets done." Reed said that he also learned a lot more about the administration and Cal Poly in general. "There's a lot of politics you have to go through to get something done," he said.

One of his biggest objectives for this Poly Royal has been get-



ting the tractor pull back. Last year it wasn't included and there were a lot of bad feelings about it, said Reed. He also was interested in getting a really good concert for Poly Royal this year but there were too many problems for that to work, he said.

Reed has been involved in Poly Royal for three years. His first year he was assistant to the carnival chairman and his second year he was carnival chairman. He said that this is his last year for being so involved in Poly Royal. "It takes a considerable amount of time, especially the closer it gets to Poly Royal," he said.

Besides his job as superintendent, Reed is a member of the fraternity Phi Kappa Psi and he has a job at a liquor store in Los Osos. When Poly Royal is over he said he hopes that he'll be able to get more involved in the fraternity and spend more time on school.

Despite the hard work and the tremendous amount of time required, Reed said he has really enjoyed it. "You get to meet a lot of people and you learn a lot too," he said. "This year we have done a really good job."

Weekend festivities: Poly's showtime

Now's the time to really show them our stuff.

Poly Royal, for many, is a welcome time of the school year. Spring has finally decided to stick around, and the weekend's festivities are a refreshing change from term papers, midterms and projects.

But what really is Poly Royal?

Everyone is familiar with the term "Cal Poly's open house" as a definition, but that term is trite. What are we showing off? What are we leaving open? Perhaps it's losing meaning, as students are taking off to the beach, worrying about how much money their clubs are going to make selling hot dogs and leaving town to escape the crowds.

In a memo from Provost Tomlinson Fort to faculty and staff two weeks ago, Fort reminded them that classes would not be held after noon today and all day tomorrow. "Remember," the memo read, "this is *not* an academic holiday."

The attitudes held by most would interpret that comment as almost a joke. After all, isn't Poly Royal just for having fun and not having to go to school?

But there is a deeper interpretation, the one that gets missed too often. The memo also said that all students, faculty and staff should be using the "free" time to prepare for Poly Royal. Thousands of parents, friends, alumni and strangers will be descending on campus to see what we're doing and what we've accomplished, showcasing the spirit of Cal Poly.

And in the spirit of Poly Royal, let's go out there and show them what we've *really* got.



Letters

Greek responds to opinion piece

Editor:

In reply to the many questions raised by Catherine Aaron in her opinion article titled "Greek Initiation Practice Degrading to Interviewees" (April 19), I would like to respond:

Ms. Aaron, please let me offer you the sincerest apology on behalf of the entire Greek community. I'm sorry you had an unfortunate experience with a Greek. It's truly unusual that your first and only encounter with a Greek contained such negative undertones.

I hope you will reconsider your article's last statement which asks and answers the question: "Will I be eager to strike up a conversation with a Greek again? I don't think so."

It would mean a lot to me, and to many other Greeks, if you wouldn't stereotype us with your non-researched notion of what a Greek is like.

I would suggest you do more research before you imply ideas and concepts to groups of people whom you know nothing about. (You said yourself it was your first encounter with a Greek.) Your implication of the role of little sisters being sexual in

nature is an insult not only to the Greek community but more specifically to the little sisters themselves. Also, I'm happy that you have "always had ample friends and been able to drink beer without paying to get into an organization."

But, if this is an implication that the only reason people join fraternal organizations is to find desperately needed friends to get drunk with, then you are sadly mistaken.

Greek life is a wonderful way to make your college years more productive. Working for a newspaper you must also encounter stories on the many services and community projects Greeks sponsor. Through such philanthropies, the entire community benefits.

Once again I'm sorry your one and only experience with a Greek was negative. Granted, from the sound of it, he got carried away with his interview, and we apologize for that. But, please don't let this one incident sour you on all further contact with Greeks. I'm sure if you would "strike up a conversation with a Greek again," you might change your mind.

Glen Starkey
Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Poster is type of evocative art

Editor:

I asked a Cal Poly student "What is Poly Royal?" and he said, "plural monarchies." I suppose, I said to myself, it might be viewed that way. Clearly this response was atypical, but then again so is our school. This is our strength.

The Poly Royal poster "Minds in Motion" depicts our uniqueness and its strength beautifully. In the poster, two confident, attractive young adults stand next to one another in a defiant and more than slightly Byronic pose. They sense their future. They might be on the bows of ships, or the archtypical pioneers. This is emotionally evocative art, and was rightly compared, in one sense, with proletarian poster art by Mr. Webb.

Evocative art is powerful, and like power, is neither bad nor good. What ideals are forwarded and what values reinforced with

that power seems like the central issue here. I have no problem with the depiction. The subjects are of varied ethnic backgrounds.

The figures are hardly expressionless, and at any rate have more character than many of our students and faculty. And by the way, Russians tend to speak of Mother Russia; Germans of the Fatherland. Admittedly one is the paternalistic equivalent of the other, but Mr. Webb might be a bit more careful with his "type of stuffs."

Maybe the subjects in the poster are not blond enough, or tanned enough, or maybe they are too preppy, or maybe one should have a Hawaiian shirt on. Come to think of it, I don't see one mini-pickup with big tires in among the grapes, the computer and the tractor.

Anyway Mr. Webb, in case you're worried that this is the latest offering from the liberal/anarchic press, don't be. We're both into capital, but I'll spend mind on the poster.

Robert Wallace

Bravo to 'The Doll'

Editor:

I would like to respond to Robert Van Ommerring's letter concerning his dislike of your

comic strip, "The Doll," by David Klein. His argument is completely blown out of proportion.

The author does *not* encourage violence against our president or encourage the use of toys which allow older children to be murdered. Rather, "The Doll" represents fiendish, bizarre humor similar to the comic strips of "The L.A. Weekly."

This brand of humor is geared toward the person who can laugh at a cartoon regardless of its content and not be seriously offended by a piece of paper. Not everybody appreciates Reagan's urging for a strong defense which has resulted in the government spending 51 cents of every taxpayer's dollar on defense which includes the purchasing of nuclear missiles designed for the destruction of the Earth. This cartoon is a psychological release of tension, a sort of "getting back."

Bravo, David Klein. Your artistry is truly unique and you have presented us with something that a conservative campus needs. And thank you, *Mustang Daily*, for bringing us "The Doll."

Theo Devine

Mustang Daily

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APARTHEID

From page 1

Bath said Wells Fargo bank has agreed to remove their interests in that nation and she suggests people place their accounts with Wells Fargo.

Michael Williams of the Afro-American Student Union said most students have heard of the word apartheid, but most do not know it means legal racial segregation in South Africa.

"Don't let this information sit in your eardrums. But digest it. . . tell people about it. We're not going to change apartheid overnight, but before we can change, people have to know what it is," said Williams.



Quintard Taylor

Alumnus donates mural to Cal Poly

A tribute to the founders and annual organizers of Poly Royal has been presented in the form of a mural, created and donated by a Cal Poly alumnus.

Nancy J. Graham donated the seven-foot mural titled "Poly Royal 1957." It depicts Western themes and people that were part of the Poly Royal silver anniversary.

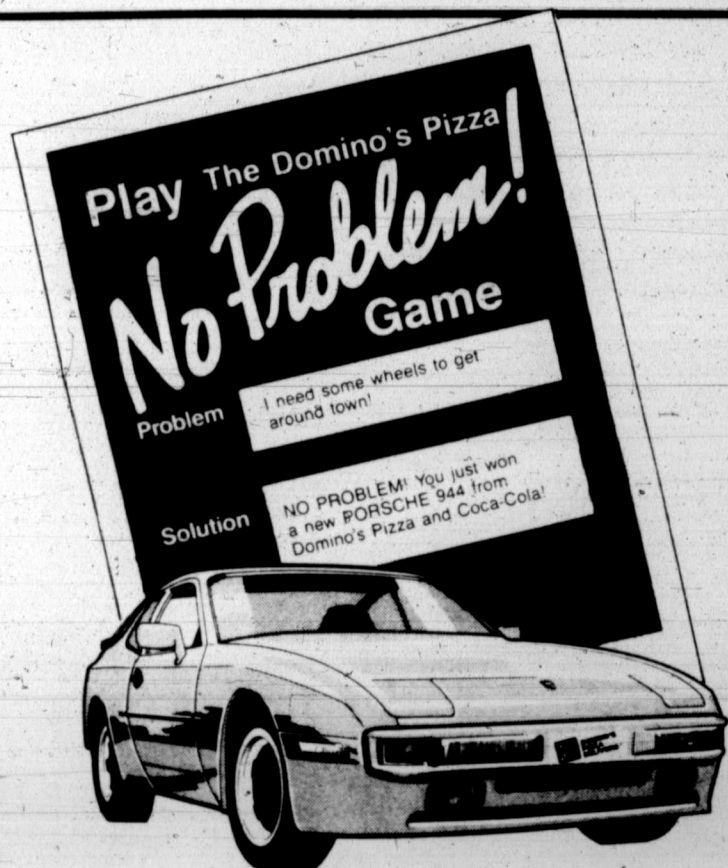
In addition to the mural,

Graham has produced a series of paintings recollecting her student days at Cal Poly. Her colleague and cousin, Duane Graham, has produced a photographic essay of Western themes for the celebration this weekend.

"I remember Cal Poly days fondly and was very impressed with your school while I was there," wrote Graham in her cor-

respondence with Jeanne LaBarbera, director of the University Union Galerie. Graham attended Cal Poly in 1957.

Graham will be an honored guest at the Poly Royal opening ceremonies April 26 at 10 a.m. The mural, paintings, and photographs will be on display throughout the lobby of the University Union through Poly Royal weekend.



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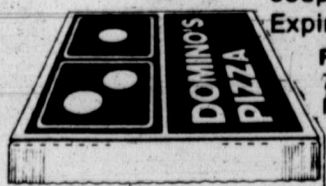
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Poly Royal 1985

Adviser resigns post after this year



Mike Zohns

By SALLY KINSELL
Staff Writer

He loves people, plants and Poly Royal.

Who is he? He's Mike Zohns, an associate professor in the Ornamental Horticulture Department and faculty adviser for this year's Poly Royal.

Zohns has been the faculty adviser for Poly Royal for six years, but this year is a little bit different because it's his last.

"I'm moving on to something different," he said, it's so easy to become removed from everything else when you are involved in Poly Royal. "I haven't been active in the OH club for six years, I guess it's a trade-off," he said.

Zohns said his duties as faculty adviser are "to help the Poly Royal board make quality decisions." When an issue comes up for debate during the meetings, he makes sure that the board is properly debating both sides and makes a good decision. If everything is running smoothly, he doesn't interfere, he said, but if something important is left out then he brings it up.

Zohns said the most what he has enjoyed most about his posi-

tion is "making new friends and working with the students . . . I've worked with some very talented students," he said. For each Poly Royal, a supervisor is elected from among the students, said Zohns. "It's neat to sit in my position as adviser and watch them grow," he said.

Zohns said that he has a few ideas about how Poly Royal could be improved, and he hopes he can implement them before he leaves.

"Basically Poly Royal is a traditional thing," he said. A lot of the problems that come up are because not everything is written down. One of the biggest problems is with commercialism, he said. "I want to get the commercialism policy in writing . . . get more of the rules of the game written down."

Zohns said that he would also like to get more local residents involved in Poly Royal this year. One of the ways he is trying to do this is with a new series of events called the Poly Games. These games will be held on Saturday of Poly Royal at 11 a.m. on the baseball field.

They will include a number of

events he hopes will "involve more of the local residents, the students and at the same time represent agriculture." Some of the events will be a truck show, a hay stacking contest, a transfer dump exhibition, a straw bucking contest and a tractor slalom.

The tractor pull has also been a pet project for Zohns. He has been working on getting it back in Poly Royal this year.

He said he hopes to use this event to get the local residents more involved. "The plan is to have a lot of the local farmers bring their tractors in so we can get more local participation."

Zohns said that being involved in Poly Royal is a year round job and takes a lot of work. By the time spring quarter rolls around "it can take maybe ten hours a week as we approach Poly Royal, just ironing out problems," he said.

The time has come for him to move on to others things, especially to become more involved in the ornamental horticulture department, said Zohns.

"But working with Poly Royal has been neat . . . I'm going to miss it."

BRENDA BIELKE/Mustang Daily



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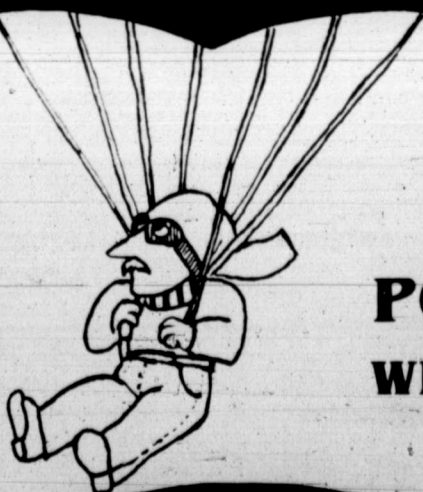
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CAMPUS INTERVIEWS May 1, 1985

The district will schedule interviews for credentialed applicants or applicants who are not credentialed but who have the following:

Elementary Teachers (K-6) — A bachelor's degree from an accredited college/university and verification of having passed the California Basic Educational Skills Test (CBEST).

Secondary Teachers (7-12) — A bachelor's degree from an accredited college/university, verification of having passed the California Basic Educational Skills Test (CBEST), and

- a minimum of 10 semester hours of course work either in English, the physical sciences or the biological sciences or
- a minimum of 6 semester hours of course work in mathematics.

Special Education Teachers (K-12) — A basic teaching credential (elementary or secondary) and a minimum of 6 semester hours of course work in special education.

Personal interviews for qualified applicants will be held May 1, 1985, on campus. Please call your placement office at 546-2501 to arrange for an interview.

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Our representatives will be on hand Wednesday, May 1, 1985, 11 a.m. to noon, to discuss the MANY CAREER OPPORTUNITIES open to you in the second largest school district in the nation. Call your placement office at 546-2501 to find out where the Career Reception will be held on campus. If you have **NO CREDENTIAL BUT WANT TO TEACH**, join us!

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Poly Roya



Kevin Nealon

Comedy Shoppe II set for Friday night performance

By KEVIN CANNON
Staff Writer

Comedy has returned to Cal Poly

Comedy Shoppe II is scheduled for Friday night due to the success of Comedy Shoppe I. There will be two shows, at 8 and 10 p.m. in the Chumash Auditorium. The event is sponsored by ASI speakers forum.

"The first comedy show we had was sold out and we had to turn away over 200 people at the door," said Mary Bird, chairperson of the ASI speakers forum.

ASI Information Director, Judy Philbin said, "We added another show this time to accommodate everyone we can."

Scheduled to appear are Tom McGillen, Kevin Nealon, and Cary Odes. All three have performed stand-up comedy in Southern California at such prestigious comedy clubs as the Comedy Store, The Improvisation, and The Ice House.

Advanced tickets are available

at Boo Boo Records, Cheap Thrills, and at the University Union ticket office. Prices are \$4 for students and senior citizens and \$5 for the public. Tickets will be 50¢ more at the door.

Bird suggests that people should buy their tickets in advance and is sure that Comedy Shoppe II will sell out.

"We sold very few advanced tickets last time," said Bird "most of the people waited until the last minute."

Each comedian will perform an individual routine with improvisation.

McGillen specializes in impressions such as Popeye, Richard Nixon, and Redd Foxx, and vocal groups including the Police.

Nealon has a background in theater and has appeared in commercials and on "The Tonight Show," "Late Night with David Letterman," "The Mike Douglas Show," and cable TV "Laff-a-Thon" and "Bigg Laff Off."

Christian rock comes to Cal Poly with Phil Keaggy

Phil Keaggy, one of the top names in contemporary Christian music, will perform at 7 p.m. Saturday night in Chumash Auditorium.

A vocalist and accomplished guitarist, Keaggy played lead guitar for the band Glass Harp during the late '60s and early '70s, touring with rock groups such as Chicago, Iron Butterfly and Yes. During that time he recorded three albums with the group.

Since moving to the Christian music industry, Keaggy has

recorded nine albums and performs close to 200 concerts a year. His concerts often include both acoustical and amplified electric sets.

Tickets are \$6 in advance and \$7.50 at the door. They are available at Christian bookstores on the central coast and the University Union ticket office.

Keaggy's performance is a presentation of the Coalition of American Pro-Life University Students (C.A.M.P.U.S.), a chartered organization of the Cal Poly ASI.

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entertainment

Chick Corea performs tonight

To kick off the Poly Royal weekend, jazz musician Chick Corea will perform with his Electric Band in the Cal Poly Main Gym tonight at 8:00 p.m. There will be no opening act.

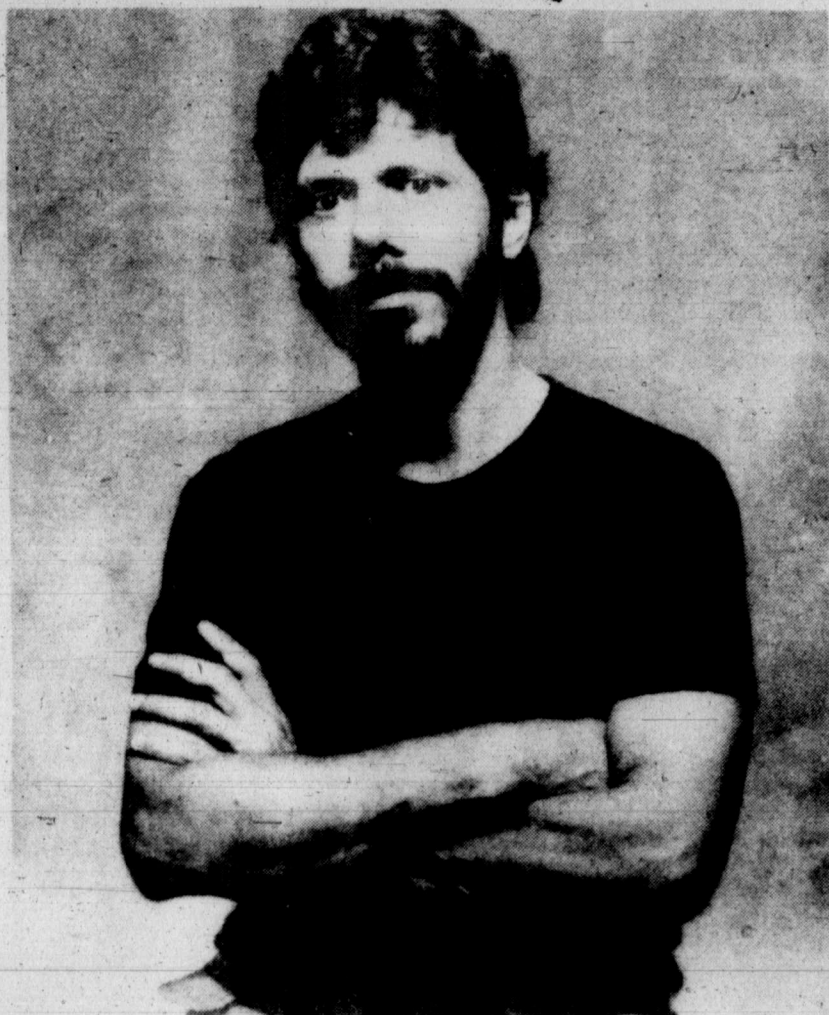
The ASI Concerts Committee, recently critized for few concert presentations, is sponsoring the award winning jazz pianist and composer. Advance ticket prices are \$9.75 for students, and \$11.75 for the public.

Corea, who has played with such jazz greats as Miles Davis, Herbie Mann, and Stan Getz, has won over 50 awards from his peers, his listeners, and the music industry. He received a Grammy for Best Jazz Instrumental Group in 1978 and in 1980 he was awarded both the Jazz Album of the Year and the Top Electric Pianist award. He has won a total of five Grammy awards.

Corea doesn't like to label himself as performing a particular type of music, nonetheless, he is known as a proponent of what is called "fusion" music — a blend of jazz and rock.

Though Corea has been influenced by the jazz greats, he also is exploring another stream — classical music. His compositions and performances show a wide breadth of influence from Beethoven, Bartok and Stravinsky.

He was commissioned in 1982 by the Lincoln Center Philharmonic Chamber Society to compose a work for an arts festival put on by the City of Miami. The result was his Septet for Winds, Strings and Piano. It was the opening presentation for the televised "Live from Lincoln Center" series in 1983.



Influenced by his trumpeter and bassist father, Corea began playing the piano when he was four in Chelsea, Massachusetts. He studied music at Columbia University and Julliard School of Music for short periods of time. He left them both because, as one critic wrote, "The music he wanted to play couldn't be taught in school."

After refining his piano technique and performing with tradi-

tional jazz orchestras, he began composing. Upon the advice of one of the jazz greats, he switched to the electric piano. A few years later, he started his own experimental group.

Tickets for the concert can be purchased at all locations of Cheap Thrills and Boo Boo Records, and the the University Union Ticket Office on campus. Ticket prices will be \$1 more at the door.

'Poly Games' challenge students with ag events

By SALLY KINSELL
Staff Writer

Let the games begin.

Cal Poly has added a new event for Poly Royal called the Poly Games. It is a lighthearted competition for those in ranching and farming, said Mike Zohns, faculty adviser for the Poly Games. The games will begin at noon, Saturday, April 27 at the baseball field on Highland Drive. Admission is free and the public is welcome.

Zohns said the Poly Royal Board came up with the Poly Games because they wanted a special event that would be entertaining to visitors, involve more local residents and students and represent agriculture. "It's a fun time for students to get together with ranchers and farmers from the local community to have a good time," he said. Although other fairs run similar events, this one is designed more for the purpose of demonstration and entertainment than for competition, he added.

The games will include seven events. The harrow-bed event will be a timed event in which entrants will drive a bale wagon to pick up 60 to 70 hay bales, then unload the bales to build a square stack.

vited to participate in a truck show that will be included in the games. Hay trucks and transfer trucks may be entered up to the day of the event.

The transfer dump truck event will demonstrate the process of unhooking, dumping, transferring, dumping, transferring back, hooking up again, and driving the vehicle to the finish.

There will also be a straw bucking event for women and a hay bucking event for men. Teams of three persons will have to load a pickup truck with 24 bales, move it 100 feet, and re-stack the bales on the ground in the same pattern they were before.

A hay booming demonstration will use two trucks and two hay boomers to load and unload approximately six tons of hay. This event is for professionals only.

The hay squeeze-loading event will demonstrate the loading and unloading of hay onto trucks with a large fork lift known as a squeeze.

Finally, the tractor slalom will test speed and skill as two tractors try to maneuver between cones. This event and the straw and hay bucking events are open only to representatives of clubs of Cal Poly, due to insurance.

'Great American Journey' musical tribute to U.S.

By CATHERINE AARON
Staff Writer

Listeners can take a musical trip across America during Poly Royal as the 85 voices of the combined Cal Poly choirs present "The Great American Journey."

Singers and dancers will salute America by paying tribute to her cities at 8 p.m. Friday and Saturday in the Cal Poly Theatre.

Directed by Dr. Thomas Davies, the musical journey begins in Washington, D.C. and includes "New York, New York," "Meet Me in St. Louis," "The Yellow Rose of Texas" and other selections from Broadway, Hollywood and today's pop charts.

Student choreographer Stanford Smith said the group is excited about the show after six weeks of preparing the costumes, sets and routines.

"This show is particularly fun for the group to do since it shows the lighter side of the variety of music we do," Smith said.

Robert Coltrin, who conceived the idea for the production, is the scenic designer. Susan Azaret Davis will play piano with Glenn

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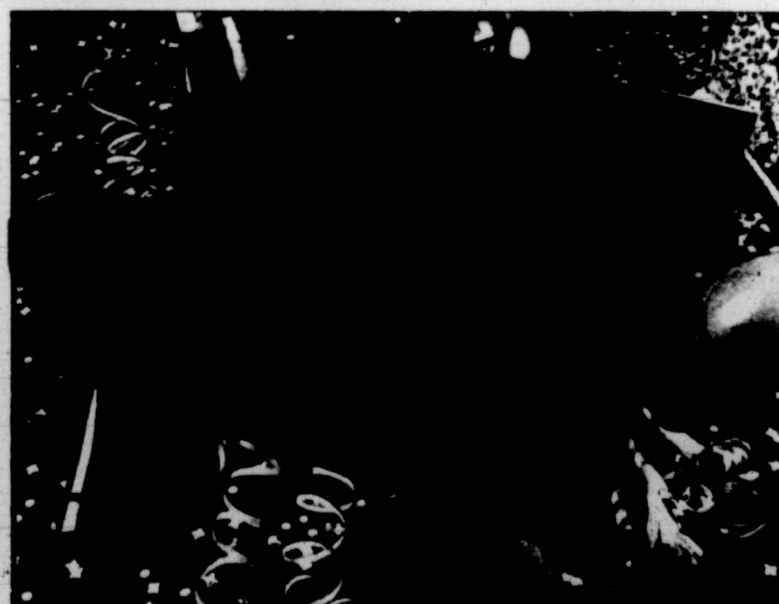
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The Mustang Daily is held accountable for the mistake. Domino's will not honor the "30 minute or Free" ad.

Students can study issues through political center

by SUSAN A. ELLIOTT
Staff Writer

A new enterprise at Cal Poly, the Center for Practical Politics, is proving to be a valuable resource on campus and in the community for the study of important public issues and for service to organizations.

The Center, a nonprofit entity affiliated with the political science department, provides services on a contract basis as students work together with faculty members to research and carry out practical solutions to political problems.

"With the world as our laboratory," Center director Dianne Long said, "the Center fills a need in the university and the

community by combining applied research with a teaching institution."

The Center recently received a \$2,000 grant from San Luis Obispo County to study the effect of the loss of possible federal funding to Central Coast counties. Ten students have been working on the Counties Project under the direction of political science professor John Culver.

They have been compiling county revenue data and plan to issue a series of analytical reports. The first report, titled "Business and Employment Trends" will be issued May 1.

"I know of no other university that offers students this kind of research experience on an

undergraduate level," said Counties Project student director Jeff Hunt. "It's ideal hands-on learning experience which characterizes Cal Poly's learn-by-doing philosophy."

Although the Center is housed in the political science department, students and faculty from all disciplines can take part in Center activities. Each project is directed by a faculty member and supported by a project team. When special consultants are needed, they are contracted to particular projects as funding allows.

Other projects underway include a Practical Politics Lecture Series planned for next academic year and a California Specialized

Training Institute study to analyze emergency training centers. The Center plans to offer a summer institute and essay contest to Central Coast school districts.

A 17-member board of government, business and industry leaders guides the Center activities. The board includes Congressmen Leon Panetta and William Thomas, Assemblyman Eric Seastrand, and State Senator Ken Maddy.

The board assists faculty members in starting projects and attracting funding. Both the board and Center's associates work to make the public more aware of policy issues affecting them and of the Center's role in the political process.

Architect talks on Incan city Tuesday at Poly

A California architect will speak Tuesday about his work in the Peruvian national forests and at the ancient Incan city of Machu Picchu.

Kerry Dawson, a member of the landscape architecture faculty at UC Davis, will speak at 8 p.m. in the Gallery of the Architecture and Environmental Design Building.

The speech will be open to the public and a \$1 donation will be requested at the door.

Dawson, who earned a master's degree in landscape architecture from UC Berkeley and a bachelor's degree from the University of Florida, has been teaching since 1979.

He is an expert on ecology and landscape preservation.

Dawson's speech is sponsored by the landscape architecture department.

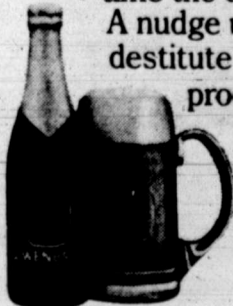
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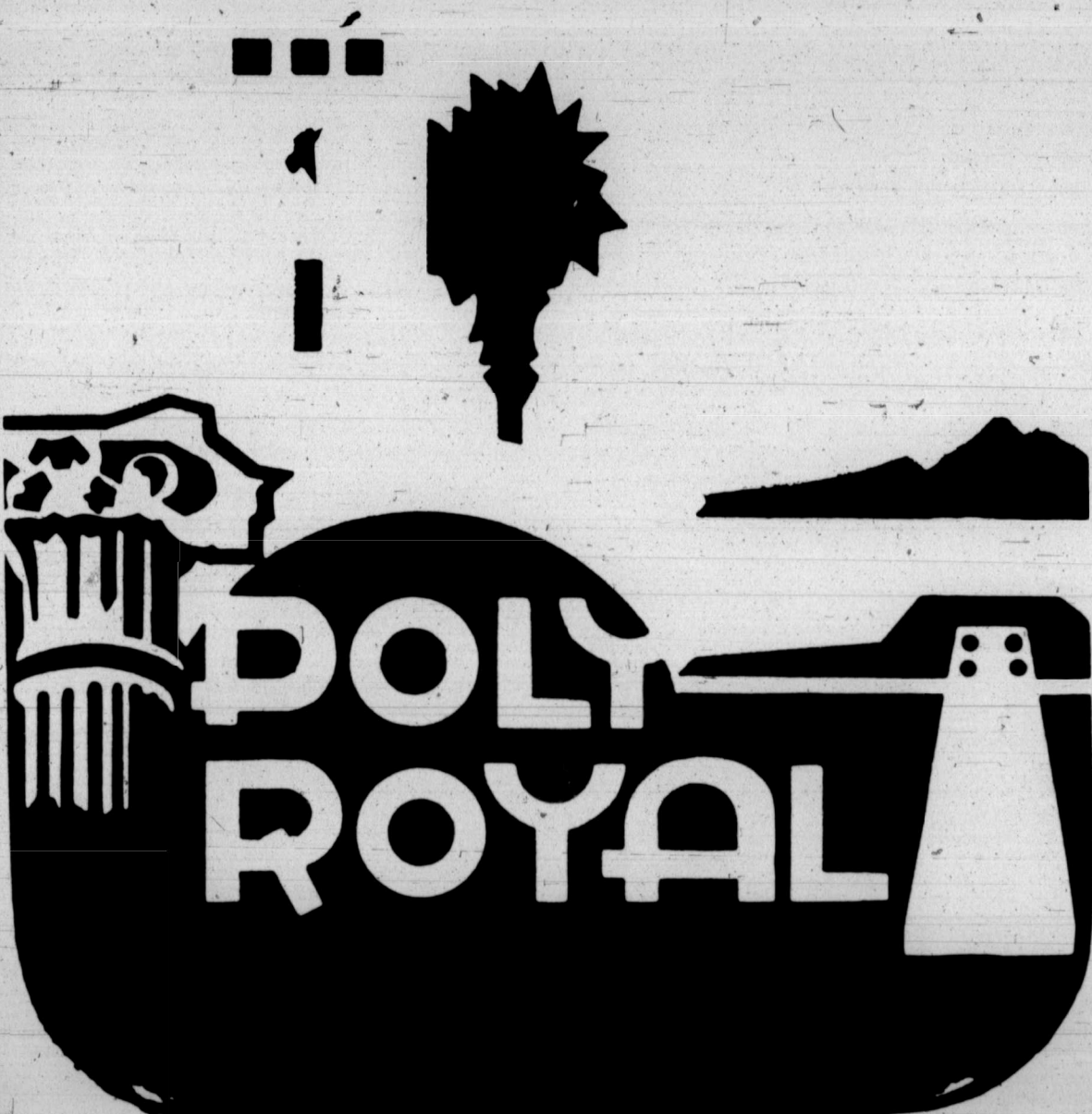
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Women, men at home on Saturday

Tracksters hold Poly Royal meet

BY KIM MILLER
Staff Writer

Poly Royal is more than food and entertainment, it is sports too.

Again this year, the track team will sponsor the men's and women's Poly Royal Invitational on Saturday.

The hammer throw, the first event, is scheduled for 11 a.m., with the running events beginning at noon.

This will be the last chance to see both teams before conference and consequently, national competition.

San Jose State University, Cal Lutheran College, Westmont College, UC Santa Barbara, Cal State Bakersfield, Fresno State and the Converse Aggies have already committed partial teams. The United States Marines and the Army will also send crews.

Only half of the Poly women will race at home, the other half will travel to the prestigious Mt. San Antonio College relays.

Both teams have excellent athletes competing, most of which have already qualified for national competition.

The Mustangs women already have 20 individuals qualified in 43 different events and the men are stacked in most events.

One man alone, Brent Griffiths, has already set national qualifying marks in the 1,500, 1,600, 3,000 and 5,000-meter runs.

"I'll only run the 5,000 in nationals," he said, "it takes too much out of you."

Griffiths started running his freshmen year of high school and is racing toward a conference championship and All-American status at the national meet.

"I want the All-American because I missed it so narrowly in the cross country season," he said.

Teammate Jim McCarthy was 10th on the Poly all time list in the 1,500 until last week when Griffiths ran the course in 3:50.31.

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Women hope to win fifth straight Poly Royal meet

BY KELLY MOORE
Staff Writer

Even though the women's track team is splitting its forces, it's still attempting to win the Poly Royal Invitational for the fifth year in a row.

The Mustangs will send half the team Saturday to the Mt. San Antonio Invitational in Walnut, while the other half stays here at for the Poly Royal Invitational the same day.

Teams expected to compete in this invitational are Army, Cal Lutheran, Chico State, College of Notre Dame, Fresno State, UC Riverside and UC Santa Barbara.

The invitational will take place on the upper track with the first field event for the women beginning at 11 a.m. The last running event, the men's mile relay, is scheduled to begin at 3:20 p.m.

The invitational is free to the public.

McCarthy said he has been suffering from a mid-season tired spell, but feels himself returning to his former self. He will run the 1,500 and 5,000, Saturday.

On the other hand, the women are going strong. They are a diverse team, with athletes from 18 to 26-years-old.

Veronica Strovick, 26, is the mother of a five year old son, Chad and a national qualifier in the mile relay, short relay, 200 meter and 400 meter runs.

Her running career began ear-

ly, she was the Junior Olympic Champion in the 400 meters in 1974 and CIF champion.

Strovick's career has been sporadic. In the course of marriage and children, she effectively cut seven years from her running career.

This is her third year of eligibility and she plans to win conference, running the mile and short relays, the 400 and possibly the 200 as well.

"I'd like to be All-American," she said, "it's there if I want it."

Disneyland roundup planned for alumni

By SUSAN EDMONDSON
Staff Writer

Disneyland, home of Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, will be home to Cal Poly students, alumni, faculty, staff and friends Saturday, June 22.

The Cal Poly Alumni Association is sponsoring a "roundup" at Disneyland with discounted prices and special events planned just for people associated with Cal Poly.

A special group rate of \$11 per person includes admission to Disneyland from 9 a.m. to midnight on June 22, unlimited use of all adventures and attractions (except arcades), live entertainment and free parking.

The reduced rate for admission is available only through pre-sale of tickets before May 15.

There will be a Roundup Dinner at the Disneyland Hotel on June 22 for \$25 per person. Honored guests at the dinner include President Warren Baker and his wife Carly.

The Alumni Association has designed "Cal Poly Roundup - Disneyland" T-shirts and buttons.

The event coincides with Disneyland's 30th anniversary celebration. The park will be giving away door prizes to every 30th, 300th, and 3,000th person entering Disneyland. The 30,000th person to enter the park will win a new car.

San Diego Chicken to perform

Will entertain crowds during baseball game

BY JANET HASEROT
Staff Writer

Why would a chicken drive north on Highway 101?

To entertain the crowds of the Cal Poly baseball team.

Ted Giannoulas, better known as the "San Diego Chicken" is coming to San Luis Obispo this weekend to perform in San Luis Stadium.

What began as a promotional gimmick for radio station KGB in San Diego, has turned into a professional career for the 5-4 journalism graduate of San Diego State University.

While sitting in a classroom in 1974, Giannoulas, the shortest of his classmates, was picked to fill the position as Easter chicken at the zoo for one week.

He was paid \$2 an hour.

One would think the event would end when the eggs were all gone, but this was not the case for Giannoulas. He decided that



Ted Giannoulas

he wanted to get into the Padre games free, why not perform.

He was accepted and began his famous antics as the San Diego Chicken.

"As I started chipping away my inhibitions," said Giannoulas, "inside that second skin, once as the chicken came in 1979 when he returned to the field after KGB had fired him because I took my desire for comedy and love for sports and began to act."

His most memorable experi-

of conflicting career objectives. Giannoulas had a huge egg made in which he was going to hatch from in front of the crowd.

"After rolling around all over the field I hatched out of the shell in front of a crowd of 47,000 people," said Giannoulas.

"I recieved a ten minute standing ovation. It was quite a visual site."

The comedy of the chicken is much deeper than big bird said Giannoulas. He feels that it is more of a "fuzzy Harpo Marx" type of comedy.

"Many people have the misconception that the chicken is only for children, but actually it is adult oriented," said Giannoulas.

Once dressed in his second skin, the chicken mimicks players, umpires, and fans between innings and during the game.

Giannoulas says he plans to perform as the chicken for five more years before he "hangs up his wings." He will then go into a more conventional form of comedy acting, "like Peter Sellers," said Giannoulas.

The chicken will perform Friday, 7:30 p.m. at San Luis Stadium.

Men's water polo team holding its alumni game this Saturday

By KIM FOSTER
Staff Writer

Poly Royal is a great time to see action, and this weekend will be no exception. The Cal Poly men's water polo club will hold an alumni game this Saturday at 11 a.m. at the outdoor pool to help kick off its 1985 season.

The club, which was reinstated this past February, is going strong with about 30 players combining to make up two full squads. The club is an official

member of United States water polo and will compete in a number of sanctioned tournaments this spring, including its own team invitational to be held at Cal Poly May 10-12.

"The main goal of the team is first and foremost to have fun," said Bob Frappia, president of the club. "But we also want to be competitive in the U.S. polo circuit."

Another goal of the team is to re-establish an NCAA program

at Cal Poly, so the team can compete against other colleges during the regular fall polo season.

"Many of the players have had years of high school, college and U.S. polo experience and know the game well," said Frappia. "It's just a matter of getting to know each other and playing together as a team unit."

The next tournament for the club will be May 3-5 at UC Santa Barbara.

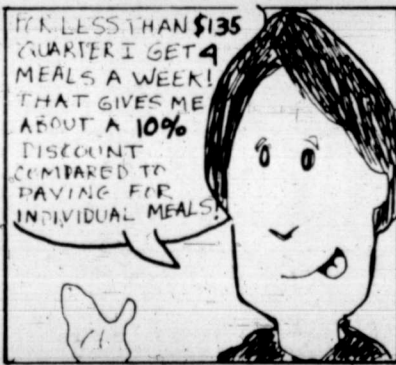
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Chick Corea and the Electric Band

8:00 p.m. Cal Poly Main Gym. Thursday, April 25. Advance tickets \$9.75, \$11.75 general public. Tickets at UU Ticket Office, Boo Boo's & Cheap Thrills BAND HAVE BEER WILL TRAVEL ASSAULT SUFT, FAST, PSYCO 541-3112

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Pogo!Pogo!Pogo!

POLY POGO DANCE APRIL 27 8:30PM CRANDAL GYM-3 LIVE BANDS!

Announcements

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MUSIC BY MONTE MILLS PRESENTED BY ALPHA GAMMA RHO

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Hours: Fri & Sat 10am-7pm Sun 10-6 Santa Maria Convention Center County Fairgrounds General Admission \$2.50

Bring this ad for discount admission: \$2.00 gen \$1.25 Sr. citizens P.S. Reward given for return of banner & sign taken at last show at Vets Bldg. No questions asked

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DESPERATLEY Watching for Weinie KEEP THE FAITH!

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Monsieur B.B. The last three months have been the very best! Here's to forever. Te quiero! Love your special K xoxoxoxoxoxo

SWEET POLLY PUREBRED

WHEN ARE WE GOING TO THE BEACH ON MY SCOOTER? I'VE GOT IT WARMED UP!

XOXO YOUR

UNDERDOG

Greek News

Beer Wars turned into the Big Chill.... But Alpha Phi had a great time thanks to Alpha Chi, Sigma Nu, Sigma Chi, Betas and Sigma Alpha Epsilon

BRUCE: A BETA DIAMOND IS FOREVER!!! LYNETTE

TRY US FRESH SHRIMP \$2LB. WE DELIVER OTHER FISH,CRAB AVAIL. CALL 772-4959 THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE

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Greek News

COME CELEBRATE DELTA TAU'S 30th ANNIVERSARY

WITH

Monty Mills

THUR 4/25 AT 1:00 71 PALOMAR - FREE PARKING TO ALL

Congratulations ALLISON MOORE and MIKE PISENTI on the announcement of your pinning. You guys are so fun! Love from the MPU and the jokers of Tahoe '85

GAMMA PHI BETA'S RED HOT POTATOS!!! Get them while they're hot at Poly Royal!!!!

LSOM POLY ROYAL BBQ Fri RSVP Dave Holst Composite Make-up Contact T. Mullins GET PSYCHED FOR GREEK WEEK

Mike Piseni and Allison Moore Congratulations on your pinning.. now that you've told everyone from ASU to the U of W..shouldn't you tell Cal Poly? WRGC Tahoe '85

When you're hungry during Poly Royal and you don't know what you want, Go to the Alpha Phi Booth, and buy a yummy croissant

Events

ASI SPEAKERS PRESENTS...

LIVE FROM LA

COMEDY SHOPPE II

TWO SHOWS THIS FRIDAY

NIGHT!

8 and 10PM

CHUMASH You may laugh till you die!!!

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS! BRING ALL THE YOUNG ONES BY THE TEACHERS' SOCIETY BOOTHS AT POLY ROYAL FOR FACE PAINTING AND GHOSTBUSTERS ON W. SCIENCE LAWN ALL DAY FRI AND SAT

DESIGN VILLAGE PRESENTS POLY POGO!!!

Sat. Apr 27 8:30PM

CRANDAL GYM

PATTERSONS CROUTONS THIRD BEACH DANCE DANCE DANCE

GIGGLE, GIGGLE, CHUCKLE, HA,HA! YOU'LL LAUGH UNTIL YOUR SIDES HURT! ASI SPEAKERS FORUM PRESENTS:

LIVE FROM L.A. COMEDY SHOPPE II

Poly Royal, Friday April 26th shows at 8 and 10PM. Tickets on sale now!!

THE CAL POLY DANCE TEAM WILL BE PERFORMING AT POLY ROYAL ON THE S.A.M. STAGE FRIDAY AT 12:30 AND 3:00.

COME AND SEE US!

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I lost my Gamma Phi Beta Sorority Pin. If found please call 546-9476

Lost black Lab x Shepherd 3yrs old answers to schauency. Male lost in Santa Maria area. CALL 213-696-1472 or 805-925-2036

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Moped & Cycles

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CROSS CURRENTS

Poly Royal 1985 Literary Supplement

2nd Frames

By Robin Lewis
Second Prize

Damn, Dad. Enough."

Peggy came out the front of the ranch house and slammed the door, watching the cats bolt off the porch into the bushes. In her mind, she framed the sunset over the ocean behind Morro Rock; foreground, background, depth of field. If she were actually going to take the picture, she'd have to climb the hills behind the house. Again. The idea burned.

"God damn," she said, walking toward the barn, eyeing her car. Why had she even come home? She heard the door open behind her and, from the light steps, knew it was Lorraine.

"Peg?"

Peggy stopped at the cattle pens, feeling the grain and texture of the weathered wood. Lorraine came up, gripping the wood as well.

"I hate his god damn 'Isn't ranching good enough for you?' speeches," Peggy said.

"I know, I've been getting them, too," Lorraine paused. "I guess he's given up on Tom. Calls him 'shiftless.'"

Peggy kicked her foot up on the lower fence rail. "Well, he barely works, barely does anything. Just struts around."

She looked up at the burnt-pink of Cuesta Ridge. Below it, the hills were luminescent green, each fold and tuck sculpted out by grazing cattle.

"If Tom behaved for two weeks, he'd have the place. That's what's so stupid."

Lorraine smiled. "I guess Pop's biggest regret is his 'shiftless' son."

Peg sputtered a laugh and looked at her younger sister. "Pop's biggest regret is he has a shiftless son and daughters who aren't." She turned back to face the sun, leaning against the fence. The fog was coming in around the 500-foot-high rock that sat down the valley at the opening of Morro Bay. "Damn if I'm going to marry some future wife-beater like Mark Harley so Dad can keep the place in the family and have a man to run it. That jerk, Mark, is the other side of Tom."

Lorraine grinned, resting her chin on her arms across the top rail. "Last time, I asked Pop why I should have to get married to have the ranch." They both laughed. "He shut up. His eyes got real wide," Lorraine bugged hers out in example, "like I didn't understand what he meant."

Peg folded her arms. The chill of the evening was preceding the fog up the valley. The shadow of Morro Rock cleft behind it into the yellow mist. She considered digging out her camera, but decided against it.

"Whatever," she said.

The fog sat white as snow along the ridge the next morning, poised above the valley like a fixed tidal wave.

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1st A Misconceived Notion

By Jan Sprague-Chaffin
First Prize

Rita dragged herself into the living room and let her plump body drop into the vinyl recliner. "Phew!" she uttered, letting out a heavy breath of air while prying her feet from the tight high-heels. She examined her toes, which had overlapped onto each other while cramped in the shoes all day. Wiggling first one set of toes, then the other, she instinctively touched at the three hairs growing from a mole on her neck. She felt the ends of her earrings, big clusters of fake pearls and rhinestones hanging like golf balls from the end of gold-plated wires, and yanked them off, irritated that she let the salesgirl talk her into buying them. As she wearily shut her eyes and eased deeper into the chair, she caught a glimpse of her husband, Harold, who was lifting a fork to his mouth.

"What are you doing, Harold?" Rita opened her eyes again. Harold was watching a sports show and paying no attention to where his mouth was as he lifted another forkful of peas from the T.V. dinner on his lap. There were tiny green peas around the carpet and on the pile of magazines by the side of his Lazy-Boy, and Rita felt sick at the sight of it all. Since his retirement he had become nothing more than a channel-flipper, she thought. It was about as hard to pry his bottom from that chair as it was to skin grapes. The whole thing made her ill.

"Harold, what are you doing?"

"Huh?" Harold was intently watching a young man in his hip-waders who cast out over a river full of salmon somewhere in Alaska.

"I said, What are you doing?" Rita sat bolt upright in her chair, trying to pull his attention from the T.V. by boring into him with her stare. "You're not

supposed to be eating up the T.V. dinners," she scolded. "We're supposed to go out tonight, remember, Harold? There's no way I was gonna forget that! If you'd think for on iota that after a day of shopping around that I'd forget tonight was our night for going out then you're off your rocker, Harold! I don't care..." but she caught on some phlegm in her throat and began to cough.

"Huh?" Harold said.

Rita pushed herself up, coughing and padded in her nylons to the kitchen. Coughing, she rummaged through the tupperware and lunch meats in the refrigerator, pulling out a soda. After a few gulps she felt better. It had been a long, hot day in town, and the only thing that had kept her spirits up was the thought of dinner tonight at the smorgasbord in the mall. She turned to examine herself in the mirror attached to the inside of kitchen cupboard. Her face was not too lined for a woman approaching retirement age, she thought, pulling and pushing at the loose flesh. Her hair had not grayed and lay over her scalp in a blanket of pin curls. If she had money, she would have her jowls lifted and the flap that hung from her chin to her throat cut away, but she knew what Harold would say to that. "Like putting frosting on a stale cake," was a favorite expression of his whenever she attempted to fix anything up around here. She felt the earrings clutched in one fist, and opened her hand to give them a closer inspection. Holding up first one, then other other, she decided they were somewhat attractive. She'd wear them tonight and see if they drew any compliments before deciding on whether to take them back.

"Harold!" That colorless lump! There was no way he was going to get out of this.

"I hear you, Rita." The sound of his

voice startled her. "The new people called while you were out, the Fergusons, or something like that," he mumbled.

"The Fergusons?" Rita yelled back. The Fergusons were new on the block. Rita had noticed their Arizona plates and that they were always coming and going, each in their own car. She had watched the furniture truck from the downtown McMahon's roll up throughout the week delivering everything from bedroom sets to dining room cabinets. It seemed odd to her that they moved in without furniture, but she figured they came into a quick fortune. Her interest in the Fergusons had been picqued when she met Mrs. Ferguson in the Safeway last week.

They chit-chatted briefly about how the Fergusons were settled in now and how much they liked the town and how friendly people here could be. She and Harold hadn't lived here all that long themselves and although they joined a bridge club and a bingo group they had yet to make any personal friends. No one seemed to live up to their expectations. Rita had even been thinking about telling Harold it was time to move.

Then the Fergusons had moved in. Rita thought this could be it. They were a childless couple like her and Harold, and by the looks of things, they were the kind of people she admired already. She remembered that morning, standing in the canned goods section of the Safeway, Mrs. Ferguson, in a pastel blue suit and looking for all the world like she just stepped out of a beauty parlor with her bleached hair cut in a short bob. "Excuse me," she had sung out, then "Why hello there, Rita, isn't it?" Rita had noticed Sue Ferguson was no taller than she, but

Please see next page

3rd Toli's Bus

By Eldra Avery
Third Prize

Patrice was lying limp on a black sand beach. The pulse in her stomach was beating time with the waves of heat that were rising in rhythmic undulations. Three blasts from the bus's horn pierced the heat, and she propped herself on her elbows, beads of sweat trickling down her arms and stomach. She squinted and raised her head to shade her eyes. The village was floating on the cliff, a rippling white brightness, and the bus was bouncing down the hillside road. She stood, feeling dizzy, the black sand hot and rolling under her feet. She stuffed her towel into her canvas bag and walked with quick running steps toward the road. A bath and a cool drink was what she'd need after a long, bumpy ride on a horrid Greek bus with a bunch of dusty peasants.

The bus rattled up, gears grinding,

brakes hissing and squealing, and jolted to a stop. The short, fat women came plodding across the road. They all wore black, baggy dresses, black scarves, black stockings and shoes, and carried enormous baskets in both hands. They huddled together near the doors of the bus and maneuvered for boarding position by subtly jabbing elbows and swinging baskets. Those nearest the doors would be seated, the others would stand. Patrice stayed behind.

The driver first tried to open the doors with a hand lever, but the doors were jammed, and he motioned to the passengers inside to move back so he could fix the doors. While he made a scene out of the situation, Patrice took time to check her lipstick and hair in her mirror and adjust the straps of her crocheted bikini.

The doors banged open. She looked up and saw the driver descending the steps with a broad smile across his cleanly-shaven face. He wore shiny

black shoes and pants, and a freshly starched white shirt. The women pulled money out of little coin purses in their dress pockets. He graciously took each woman's fare and helped each one up the first step. Patrice was last, and the driver shifted nervously as she fumbled in her bag for money.

"My own," he said, pointing to the bus. "Only 15 dracma for you. Very nice?"

"Yes, very," she said, glancing at what she considered a gaudy, hand-painted, pink and green, rattle-trap contraption. "Here," she said, thrusting a handful of crumpled bills and assorted change toward him, "take whatever you need."

"Okay, okay," he said proudly, grinning as he gingerly picked two of the smallest coins from her hand. "Epharisto para poli." And with a slight bow from the waist, he waved her onto the bus.

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From page 1

seemed more stately and somewhat younger. More shoulder on her, thought Rita. She had one of those automatic smiles, too. And blue eyes that quivered a little at times, like a twitch. She remembered how surprised she had been when Sue Ferguson asked for their phone number and said they would invite them over soon. Rita would never have thought to say something like that to her.

"Well, for God's sake, Harold, what do they want?"

"They wanted us to come on over there tonight," he yelled back, "after dinner. Say they got a surprise for us."

"What was that? A surprise?" Rita hustled into the living room and stood between Harold and his television. "Go on now, tell me every word," she demanded, her arms crossed on her stomach. Harold finished scraping the last of the tomato sauce from the meatloaf section and stuck the aluminum tray under his chair.

"I said," he drawled slowly, "I said the Fergusons called and wanted us to come over tonight for a surprise. That's all."

But didn't they say what the surprise is? Didn't you think to ask what or why it is that they're inviting us over, Harold? You big ninny, she thought to herself. Her blood felt like it was going to boil over at Harold's stupidity and she gave him her most penetrating glare. This was just the sort of thing that really ticked her off about Harold.

"Well I assume, dear, that it's no more than a neighborly gesture on their part." He picked up that morning's paper and gave it a snap. "I didn't think you'd want to miss out on seeing the inside of that house after looking at it for so long from the kitchen window. So I said we'd be pleased."

Rita let in a big sigh that softened her face for a moment. "They're inviting us over, huh?" She must have made some kind of an impression on Sue Ferguson in the Safeway. Her mind raced on to what she would wear. It was either the yellow slacks or her black pullover with the gold lame. And her nails! She glanced quickly at her fingernails and noticed flecks of red spots where the polish had chipped. "Oh my God," Rita muttered, "it's going to take me a good hour to get ready, at the very least." Lucky she'd bought those earrings. That was one less decision she had to make. She shot into the kitchen and stuck a T.V. dinner in the toaster-oven for herself while running down a mental checklist. The Fergusons were asking them over! Rita sang a merry tune she had heard in the store today. "On the sunny side of the street..."

A Misconceived Notion

They walked the short distance over to the Fergusons in a line, like a couple of ducks, with Harold silently striding out in front, hands in pocket, star-gazing. He really couldn't see much use in this evening. He came from good Mid-West stock, and really couldn't see why his wife was always trying to deny that. Without a job to root them, Rita had insisted on moving closer and closer to the East, and to him the people were becoming stranger and more distant. He had always wanted to go back to his daddy's place, in Oklahoma, but Rita said she'd rather be scalded alive than spend her retirement in a hot dust bowl with dried-up people like that.

Rita had to struggle to keep up, and thought if Harold was worth anything at all he'd at least shorten his stride. Her new earrings threatened to bounce off her head and smack her on the nose any minute, and she'd pull on them, holding them steady before releasing them again. She couldn't figure out for the life of her what the Fergusons' surprise was, but she imagined a large bundt cake with a lemon glaze and the four of them chatting around it, sipping coffee. And they'd wonder how Harold ever got so lucky to land a woman like herself. And they'd grow to admire her strength for putting up with him. She could see their polite nods and sympathetic glances towards her now. As they stood on the Fergusons' porch and rang the bell, electronic chimes rang out a melody that sounded to Rita like "My Dog has Fleas" and reminded her of the day she spied the new piano being moved into the house. It could be a piano recital then. She had heard Sue Ferguson had once played professionally and there was a rumor that she might replace old lady Hennessee down at the church.

The door opened and in a frame of yellow light Mr. Ferguson greeted them with his warm, debonair style. He was at least six feet tall with black hair and a mustache that grew in a short, narrow fringe tracing his upper lip. He was always dressed like a cowboy, with a string-tie held by a large piece of turquoise, a snap shirt and polyester slacks that flared a bit at the bottom to accommodate his cowboy boots.

"Greeting, greetings, y'all," he called out to them, extending his hand. "I am so glad to see you'd could make it!" The stars were there, all right, but Harold noted a few dark areas and thought there was nothing special worth mentioning about the sky. It was

all a formality, the way he saw it, and he wanted nothing more than to be done with the evening and to get home by eleven for the news and Carson show. He introduced himself and the wife. Then Mrs. Ferguson was there, on her tip-toes peering over her husband's shoulders, urging them in. "Hi there kids, come on in!" She cheerfully called, "Don't stand out there in that darn cold!"

Bill Ferguson laughed and motioned them in, while Rita nervously adjusted her earrings and Harold polished his glasses with a hankie. Bill took his wife by the shoulders and said, "Now Sue, let me complete the introductions, then we can all relax and be friends. This is Harold and his wife Rita."

"Oh of course, silly!" She put him off with the wave of a well-manicured hand that was adorned with the gaudiest cocktail ring Rita had ever laid eyes on. "We've met in the supermarket, silly, I already told you that!"

"I know you did, dear." He pecked at her forehead and patted her rear. "I'm gonna get the coffee. You just take care of our friends here, take 'em into the living room, warm 'em up by the fire there - let 'em relax and take a load off," he called, disappearing down the hall.

Well that's something, thought Rita. "You got a fireplace in this house?" Rita didn't know any homes in the subdivision that had fireplaces.

"Well, it ain't exactly the real thing," Sue giggled, leading them into a room decorated with gold crushed velvet chairs and wallpaper with tiny pink flowers all over it. There was a large knick-knack cabinet that immediately caught Rita's eye. All sorts of glass animals were lined up, each type of animal a complete family. There was even a poodle family, all connected by a gold chain that ran through each collar. It had to have been the most beautiful room Rita had ever seen, and she nearly gasped out loud taking it all in. Harold felt dizzy looking at it all. He sat on the edge of the first chair he saw, clasped his hands and examined his cuticles.

"I do admire your tastes," Rita said, looking about. She noted the fireplace was the exact same one she had pointed out to Harold so many times when scanning the Sear's catalogue. It was a portable model that ran on propane. You didn't even need real logs, just a concrete one would do you forever. The house was everything she admired and the people were the kind she always wanted to call friends. It

was about time someone decent moved into the neighborhood.

Her train of thought was broken by Bill's announcement that coffee was ready. "Now it's gonna be hot," he strode in, the coffee slooshing with each stride, then he set the tray down with a bang of silverware and Sue jumped up to help him serve.

"I just can't tell you how nice it is to meet you folks," he said, settling into the couch next to Rita and laying his arm behind her on the couch top. It made her giddy, and she squirmed in her seat, like a school-girl who knows she's admired. Sue handed first Harold, then Rita, a china cup that sat in a puddle of coffee in matching saucers. It was the same kind of china that Rita loved so much, the kind with a different colonial setting on each piece. Harold tipped his saucer up and poured the spilt coffee back into his cup. It was lukewarm and the room was too hot, and he just wanted to be back under his own roof.

"We have a special evening planned for you two," Sue began, smiling in the direction of her husband.

"We sure do." He leaned forward as if he had forgotten for a minute why they all were there. "We sure as heck do, and if you good people will sit tight here, I'll be back in a minute."

Sue took his place by Rita and patted her knee. "I've been meaning to tell you that you earrings are smashing, dear! They look so smart on you!"

"Oh, go on!" Rita sniffed and touched them gingerly. She had forgotten the earrings. "It's something that's fun. I seen a picture of something similar in the Spiegel and then I saw these. And I thought, welllll Rita, a woman's got a right to buy herself somethin' fun once in awhile."

Sue laughed and Rita looked at her, surprised. She didn't recollect saying anything funny. "That's all she does with my money," Harold grumped, still perched on the edge of his chair. "That woman's got everything she could ever need."

"Now Har-old!" Sue waved her hand and the dark red nails reflected the artificial firelight. "You know how we women love to shop! Why, we thrive on it! It's our flesh and blood, Harold. You can't blame Rita here for following her true nature!" Somehow Rita didn't like the sound of that. Harold just "Umphed." But Bill's voice was ringing out as he entered the room with an easel in one hand and a chalkboard in the other.

Please see next page

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DOWNTOWN SAN LUIS OBISPO

A Misconceived Notion

From page 2

"Surprise, surprise folks!" said Bill, setting up the easel, "'cause when Sue and I saw you two, we said, 'There's a couple who know the true meaning of savin' a dollar!' And we just couldn't think of nicer people to share our product with!"

"Product?" Rita asked, confused.

"That's right, honey." Sue jumped up and smoothed her blouse, taking her place on the other side of the board. She clasped her hands the way an elementary school teacher does when wanting class cooperation. "We have an All-American story to share with you about an All-American product."

"It's a story that evolved out of the effort and dedication of just one man," said Bill, holding up a finger. Rita was shocked. Her mouth hung open and her earrings hung still as icicles. Where was the piano recital? Where was the cake? What the hell is going on here, she thought.

It was Sue's turn now. "This is the story of how an ordinary person became a millionaire selling American products. What started out in the tool shed of his daddy's chicken ranch grew into an empire, and you, too, can have a slice of this American pie." Bill was, in fact, drawing a pie on the board. Rita noticed, dividing it up into different-sized wedges. Why, all they wanted to do was sucker them into one of those pyramid-selling schemes!

Rita felt a tight area in her belly where her ulcer was. She couldn't quite believe that this was their surprise. To be suckered in here like a couple

of Okies who just fell off the turnip truck! Why, to think she had actually thought, to think she had imagined that.... Rita felt a hot feeling spread over her, burning her face. She ducked a glance at Harold, who was examining his fingertips. For once she wished he would take control here. Rise up and say, "Thanks, but no thanks." But it was useless to even think of Harold doing such a thing.

Bill was talking now, filling the wedges with percentage numbers and droning on about how, if you sold this much, you'd get a bigger piece of the pie. Rita could take no more. She cleared her throat and clutched her side.

"I'm awfully sorry to interrupt," she said, looking away towards the family poodle for strength. "But I have an awful stitch in my side and I think if I go home and lay down for a bit, it'll be better."

"Oh, my dear," Sue pouted, going to her and putting her hands lightly on Rita's shoulders. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Well, hell's bells," Bill said. "We can always do this some other time. The important thing is you get yourself taken care of, honey."

"It'll work itself out," Rita muttered. She shot a glance at Harold to let him know how irritated she was at his passiveness in this matter. He seemed all eyes and ears now, jumping up to get their coats and rushing for the door.

"Can you walk all right, Rita darling?" Sue cooed. "Bill can bring the car around and drive you home...."

"You just say the word, Rita," Bill said with a smile.

But she was so bitterly disappointed about the

misconceived notion of their surprise evening that all she could do was shake her head no, no, no, and say, "Don't worry none about me."

The Fergusons stood at the door while Harold cradled her elbow, waving and exchanging "bye-bye's." When the door shut behind them, Harold dropped her arms and stuffed his hands into his pockets. Rita felt a deep sense of loss overcome her and felt very near the edge of tears. For the first time in a long time, she wished Harold would put his arm around her and give her some comfort. She looked at the back of his head, at the thinness of hair and the way his shoulders were hunched against the cold. She heard herself say "Harold?", and her stride quickened to catch up. As she caught him, first one drop, then another, hit her face. Harold, who was whistling a jingle from a T.V. commercial, surged forward, faster, as the drops from the starless sky overhead fell faster and faster.



Jan Sprague-Chaffin
First Prize

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by Dian Newel

I spike the Sunday blood with Jamaica rum
intensifying the mystery which magnifies
the poems carved in the callouses
of a garbage man.

I spike the Sunday blood with Jamaica rum
and find Mary Magdalene drying dishes
with her hair.

Dolores Ming shooting pool with one hand,
and the women next door sluffing children
from her cunt for welfare.

Seven little profits baptized divine
in the blood, and washed human in Jamaica rum.

Dolores Ming and Mary Magdalene,
and the garbage man and me,
the profits and the women in line
sing calypso in the Sunday choir:

Rum run through us

to keep us human

The blood pour out

to bleed us devine.



THE CLOTHING BROKER

868 MONTEREY SAN LUIS OBISPO



Erika Swanson
First Prize



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Dian Newel
Third Prize

79 A.D.

by Erika Swanson

Four in the morning and very, very cold--
I toil sleepily up the steep dirt path
to the top of the plateau.

Cold and cranky, I pick
miserably
at my breakfast, packed by the hotel.

Olives.
Israelis always give you olives
for breakfast

I try
without success
to peel an orange.
My fingers are numb and
my muscles are still asleep.

I seat myself with a sigh
on a half ruined wall near the edge.
Precarious--
and a wonderful view.

A long, sheer drop blends outward
into a desert landscape resembling
the surface of the moon.
I can barely make out pits
and mounds,
undulating down to the edge of the Sea
lying flat
and heavy
far far below me.

The water mirrors tentative light
which is creeping up from the black horizon,
and dark, looming shapes
begin to make mountains of themselves
in the pink morning light.

I struggle to be appreciative
in spite of the hour
and the cold.

A heavy silence
greeted the rising sun,
and the mountain slopes seem to stretch up
to heighten the drama.

The dead Sea below me comes to life
with color,
and my breakfast is forgotten.

I think of the Jews,
hiding here on Masada in 79 A.D.
living in Herod's forsaken palace
in this forsaken valley
because they would not forsake God.

The sun is up
and in its clear, silent light
I can make out stone walls,
fallen,
on the desert floor far below.

The Romans camped there for months,
waiting,
patiently,
for the day when this last hold-out of the Jews
would be defeated.

I wonder if the sun rose
this dramatically
on the day that the Romans woke up to find
that the Jews preferred suicide
to surrender.

Donna

by Michael Churchman

We never quite connect,
like the time we backpacked up past Shaver Lake
and camped on the shore of a mosquito-hazy snowmelt pond.
Sunlight danced on white crystal pouring down from Kaiser Peak
to the edge of the water
as we made a fire between two hard granite boulders.
As the pine-needle and redwood-bark air darkened
our conversation grew more difficult:
the right things remained unsaid
and the wrong things said.
We did not touch each other that night
nor have we ever.

Earlier, driving up the mountain road from Fresno
you told me that I reminded you of your ex-husband,
brilliant, drunk and discarded.
The next morning, our trip cut short
by silent consent,
I led an unmapped downhill hike
through soggy cow pastures, rough-gash
lumber cuts and poison-oak gullies.
You followed, not really trusting my sense of direction;
later, when we reached a marked trail,
you shared jack cheese and hard peppercorn salami.

We are forever missing things,
like the two times you stood me up
and I, in retaliation, spoke to you
in my best indulgent-daddy voice,
assured, not angry, allowing you
your hard pearl-nuclei of guilt.

Non-communication has been with us always;
like the poor, its ghost sat at our table
when we were introduced.
As we spoke, it grew beside us, becoming by turns
jealous, silent and finally a dead rock of anger.
In that stone, something was sealed
and we drew back.
You were afraid of men and sex
and I was horny and afraid of everyone.
We never found our way of that forest.

When you moved away, I was almost relieved.
Deadwood and windfall would no longer smoulder
between those two great granite shapes.

The letter from Berkeley began,
"Dearest Michael:"
and was full of Descartes, co-op housing politics
and thoroughly restrained affection.

The good sisters at St. Mary's and St. Joseph schools
would have been proud. Two hundred and sixty-three miles
allowed you to say just that much.
I played it close and waited two weeks to reply,
hoping that silence would speak
where I could not.

Old ice-crystals still cover Kaiser Peak like a comfortless blanket;
meltwater trickles past unchanging granite
into a frigid pond.
Mosquitoes hum above,
like a warm summer cloud.

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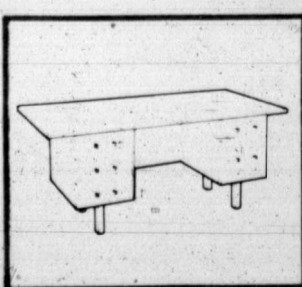
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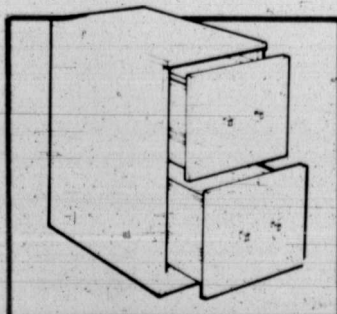
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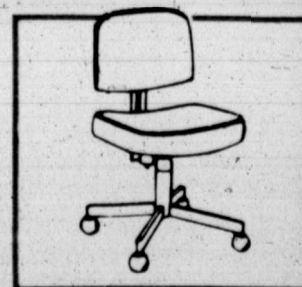
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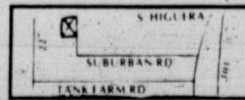


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From page 1

Peggy squinted at it, then at the blue sky, and turned around. She scanned the chicken coops, the sun still low behind her. Tires spun on the red-rock gravel road. A Jeep flew up the hill from Highway 41 and stopped near her. The driver's door swung open, and a young man shot out.

"Hey, sis," he said, "you're home."

"Hi, Tom, how're you doing?"

He smiled the smile that worked Friday nights. "Can't complain. New Corvette engine in the Jeep." He ran his hand along the hood. "Racing some smart ass from town this afternoon at the dunes in Pismo. Want to come?"

Peg turned her head away and grinned. "No, that's okay. Have to do some work for school. Thought I'd shoot some pictures out here." She looked back at the chickens. If she ever did take over this place, the birds would be gone the next day.

"Still hate them things?" Tom asked, hands on hips.

Peggy laughed. "Yep. Never minded eating one of these damn birds after that."

Tom tossed his head with a grin, white straw cowboy hat lifting. Peggy remembered the day six years earlier and how the other birds had stabbed at the pecked chicken, the tips of their beaks red. Peg had discovered the wounded hen resting in one of the coops, the back of its neck gone clear down to the skull and vertebrae. Broken neck tendons flipped like strings when it moved, and blood welled at the bottom of the wound.

Tom laughed now, pulling his hat back down. "I still can't believe you took a picture of that thing." Peg turned to him, forcing a smile, but not saying anything. The door banged when he went in the house.

Peg had held the wounded chicken under her arm, setting the adjustments on her camera. She pulled the bird close and held the camera up and away at arm's length, waiting for the hen to bare the red gape.

When the chicken turned its head, she snapped the picture, and then another. The wide angle lens took in her head and the chicken. The photo was for her high school black-and-white photography class. The assignment was "Photograph something in your life."

When Peg turned in the print for class, it earned an 'A.' Peggy's and the chicken's heads were turned slightly away to expose each of their necks; the chicken's bloody and gone and Peggy's white and ripe. The photographic and figurative parallels were not lost on Peggy's instructor: she had met Peg's father.

The door of the house swung back open, and Peg's father and Tom

came out, boots clumping the steps. As they headed for the pens, Mark Harley, who was one of the ranch hands, drove up. Peg stayed back near the coops, not looking at the men. Her father told the two younger men to drive in the spring calves for branding. Peggy grabbed her Nikon from her car. She put on the 135 telephoto millimeter lens and picked up an extra roll of film and the wide-angle lens. Branding day made good photos. Peg's father heated his brands in a foot-high red barbecue, a practice she thought paradoxical to his adherence to the past; that paradox would make her shots.

Peggy was skilled at the dual arts of photography: realism and contrived reality. But she took the contrived work only so far; no color filters, double exposures or sandwiched prints. Only a polarizing filter to bring out contrast. The contrivance went on behind the lens, in what she chose to include in the picture, rather than in front of it. She could photograph her father and his barbecue for realism, then take a shot of just him branding the calf for contrived reality. There would be no funny barbecue in the picture, just an image that reflected an Old West of which her father wished he lived and which many people still hoped existed somewhere.

Out at the pens, Peg positioned herself. The cows and calves were herded into a holding pen. Tom and Harley then separated the calves and sent them down a chute. Instead of being branded in the metal squeeze chute, they would be let out into another pen. There, Peg's father, in the old way, would burn the brand in as the other two held it down. Each time she watched her father brand calves, Peggy remembered his friends joked that he called his 300 acres "The Range."

"Okay, get 'em in here," he said when the brand had heated up in the coals. Peggy knelt on the ground twenty feet away, shooting, her motor-drive whirring between shots, rarely taking her eyes from the viewfinder. Her father branded several calves before she stood up and put on the wide-angle lens. He looked up.

"Well, that's useful," he said and shook his head. He looked down at the charcoal, rolling the brand under the hood of the barbecue. "Maybe someday I'll see," he said. "Don't now."

Peggy just smiled and straightened the kink in her neck. Then she got in close with the wide-angle as he

branded. First just his face from less than two feet away, then his face and the calf. The sun was still low enough to reach under his hat and light part of his face. His eye twitched with self-consciousness.

Peggy backed off and took in the whole scene, including the barbecue, Tom and Harley. Then she came in close again, snapping as her father rolled the brand. Vertical shot, barbecue in the close foreground, big and red, her father in the background. When he pulled the brand out glowing into the air just above the heat, Peggy said, "Dad." He looked up, face full in the sun and she shot three frames, changing apertures. The whirl of the motor-drive made him grimace the same way he did when Tom tried to talk him into using plastic ear tags as well as brands to identify the cattle.

"Still don't," he said as the brand sizzled and the calf tried to leap up. "These for city folks?" he asked of the photos. Peg smiled, remembering the duality.

"Some of them," she said. "I leave out the barbecue. Too real."

Her father nodded and helped grab the next calf, rolling it on its side. "All-American cowboy," he said and puffed his chest. Peg laughed and kept shooting.

"You could be, too," he said, turning toward her and the barbecue, lowering his voice so the other two could not hear. "You and Mark." He lifted the brand. "Better than taking pictures of sunsets."

Peg drilled her eye into the viewfinder and fired off another shot. "Dad." Her father hesitated after the brand, then let the calf go. Peg got up without looking at him, put on the 135 millimeter lens again and stood back to shoot.

Peggy's mother died when her daughter was three. Peg could barely remember her mother's face and knew nothing of her character. In a way, Peggy's life had been more affected by her grandmother. Peg did not learn much about her father's mother until high school, only that she had been killed by a locomotive in the Stockton railyard where she worked during World War II.

A week after branding day, Peg stood in the photo lab at the Brooks Institute in Santa Barbara where she studied. She was examining two pictures by her friend Rob. Both were of the same ocean sunset, taken only

seconds apart from widely different angles along the bluff. Rock spires and large outcroppings sat black in the ocean against the pink-blue sky. The shutter had been left open for several seconds, and the waves were blurred into pink gauze that nestled the rocks.

"What'd you do," Peggy asked him of the similarity, "pick up your tripod and run like hell along the cliffs?"

Rob laughed. "Yep. You do a lot of scrambling through the magic light." He looked at the enlargements and then again at her. "I've never seen any magic-light photos by you. Do you have any?"

"Sunssets?" she asked. "Not a chance, kid."

"Why not?"

Peggy let her head tilt to the left as she looked at his photos. "Well,..." she said, trying to grasp the reason for herself as well as for him. Rob's eyebrows went up, inviting her to talk.

When Peg was eighteen, she explained to Rob, who gave her father a color enlargement of a sunset, matted and framed, for Christmas. From the start, the picture had been meant for him. It had been taken well up the hill behind the house and showed the house, barn, and other ranch buildings, pens and grazing cattle all in the orange glow of the setting sun. In the far background, the three stacks of the Pacific Gas and Electric power plant and Morro Rock stood in silhouette against the thin, tinsel orange of the ocean and piling clouds. The avocado groves on the valley floor pricked in the sun's backlight, the rows of trees leading from the ranch in the foreground back toward the ocean and setting sun. A light was on in the family-room window of the house.

When Peg's father unwrapped the picture, he was silenced. She thought the silence meant pleasure with the gift, but before he looked up at her, he glared at the camera bag he had given her as if it had betrayed him.

"It's beautiful, babe," he told Peg, raising the edges of his mouth. He looked back down at the photograph as if in appreciation, but then wrapped it back up too quickly, leaving his daughter stung and confused.

Peggy waited through the day for an explanation from him, and finally got one he did not know she heard. Coming downstairs that evening, she stopped, hearing her father talking to his visiting brother. "I tried not to show it," he said. "You know how Mom's accident hurt me. She was always painting pictures, and then when Dad went off like that to fight, she got that job down at the yard...."

Peggy heard the recliner creak as her father rose and paced the floor, the heels of his boots muted by the carpet. "Remember Mack, the guy she worked with?" her father asked her uncle. Peggy hung back to listen to the story.

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From page 5

Mack drove the engines, and Peg's grandmother switched the tracks ahead of him. Mack said she liked to watch the sunsets fill up the sky across the valley. One evening, she set the track onto the spur and stepped back out of the way onto the main track, waiting for the setting sun to flicker between the boxcars. Mack came along, and just before he reached the switch, it snapped back. He said she knew what had happened before he hit her, standing there unmoving, eyes rolled in self-exasperation.

"Remember what he said?" Peg's father asked. "He said, 'I just plastered her.' Just like this; he showed me." Peggy peeked around the corner and saw her father's arm shoot out in front of him, palm facing flat forward like the front of a locomotive. He smacked the palm with his other hand. "Like that. Watching a fool sunset."

Peggy saw him motion toward the photo she had given him. "As if it's not curse enough to watch the real ones. Sun ought to just go down."

Peggy felt her way back up to her room, vision blurred, throat constricted, stubbing her toes on stairs as she climbed.

That night, she got out of bed, snuck downstairs and stole back the photo. Her father had said nothing about its disappearance, either the next day or any day after that. The remark about taking pictures of sunsets, made in the pens during branding five years later, was the first reference, obscure and casual as it was, to that part of their lives.

Still in the darkroom, Peggy pulled the proof sheet from the rinse. Made by laying negatives across an eight-by-ten inch piece of film paper and exposing it, the proof provided a look, frame by frame, at the photos she had taken at the ranch.

The sun brightened the colors; the red of the barbecue and her father's bandana, the blue of his shirt and the sky, and the green of the hills behind the pens. Her father's bronze, lined face, clear and sharp, filled several frames.

She checked the rest of her shots, picking out the best, gauging her success by the number and quality of good photos. As she moved from image to image, a smile slowly formed, her eyes widening almost imperceptibly.

Her eyes stopped moving and nar-

rowed. The smile slacked, and she brought the sheet up close. She picked up the magnifier and looked closer at one of the frames. The smile disappeared.

On the edge of one of the wide-angle shots of the entire scene in the pens, Mark Harley stood watching her. His lips were tight in disdainful amusement, as if he were waiting for the time when he could speak out.

Peggy's head lifted, and she looked around, not focusing on anything. Then she looked back at the proof sheet. Harley shrunk with all his presumption again into the background. A subtle sneer came to her lips, and she shook her head. "Not a chance, chump."

She looked at Rob and saw he had been watching her.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Mark Harley's up."

Rob walked over to the rinse sink, kissing her as he went by. "You mean your friend, the typical male."

"Typical asshole."

Rob laughed, looking back at her. "Same thing."

Peg grinned, "Usually, yeah."

Peggy settled back on her couch with Rob, feeling the rain trap Santa Barbara against the mountains. Gray sky laid across the ocean, cutting the tops of the Santa Ynez peaks behind town. Gusts of wind pushed in the sliding glass door with a whoosh, and she could barely see the beach in the dusk.

"How about some wine?" Rob asked. Peg grinned, standing with him. "Sure."

While he was in the kitchen, Peg turned on the television to the public broadcasting channel. She sat back down to clean one of her cameras. PBS was airing "Creativity" with Bill Moyers. The subject was author Maya Angelou. She was heading back to her hometown for the first time in almost thirty years, and Moyers was coming along.

Peggy's phone rang. She picked up the receiver, watching the tube as Angelou drove down the country road

to someplace called Stamps, Arkansas. "Hello."

"Howdy, little girl."

Peg smiled, still fooling with the camera. "Hi, Dad, how're you?" She had long ago given up on changing her father's nouns of address. Rob leaned around the corner from the kitchen and winked. Angelou looked at the TV camera as she drove, gesturing.

"Just fine." Peg's father paused, and Angelou on the screen talked about home. "It moves the tongue," she said. "And it slows it." Nervously holding her camera, Peggy flipped her shutter switch to lock.

"I called to say I...." Her father paused again. "The picture is very good. Very, very good. Thank you."

Peggy leaped from the couch, almost knocking the wine glasses out of Rob's hands as he came in the room. Angelou sighted the bridge and pond of her youth, and Peggy took a breath and checked herself before responding.

"Thanks, Dad, I'm glad you like it. Happy Birthday." She remembered the starkness of his face and how the smoke rose from the brand to surround it. He was looking at the black mark, seemingly contemplating his own identity.

He chuckled. "Even if it is for city folks."

"Yeah," Peggy said as Rob sat down with the glasses, "I know. But I thought it would be what you wanted."

"It's great."

"I took it on branding day." She glanced at her own wall, at the framed picture of him drawing the brand out of the barbecue, holding it in the air, looking at her out of his left eye. Peg watched Angelou in front of her grandmother's store, and Rob set the wine on the coffee table. "Is it raining up there, too?" she asked.

"God, yes. The damn feed lot is mired again. I've got to get the drainage ditches cleared. All that shit eats my boots."

Peg laughed. "Get some rubber ones."

"HA! Rubber boots are for dairy farmers." Her father chuckled again. "Don't tell Ms. Paulsen I said that." He accented the "Ms." in front of the

name of a nearby dairy farmer. "She's probably come up here and stomp me. With her rubber boots."

Maybe," Peg said, "probably not, though." She put her fingers back on the camera's shutter lock, watching the rain lighten up out her window.

"Did you take a picture for yourself?" her father asked.

Peggy's eyes flew back to the photo on her wall. She grinned. "Yeah, I did." The grin carried over into her voice.

"I'll bet it has that little barbecue in it."

"Afraid so," she said, turning on her foot to sit back down next to Rob. She kicked her feet back up on the coffee table away from the wine. "You know me and reality." Feeling secure in his praise, she went on. "Speaking of which, how're things with the ranch?"

"I guess it's going to be Tom. You don't want it, and neither does Lorraine. She's heading off to school, too. Architecture." He was silent. "It's hard to deal with things sometimes."

"I know."

"Your lives are lives, too, I guess. That's okay, though. And Tom wants to stay. He rolled his Jeep at the dunes last week down at Pismo Beach. He didn't get hurt, got out in time; but it shook him up, I think. Maybe not, he's out pricing new rollbars." Peggy heard the rustling of wrapping paper in the background as he paused. She felt him looking at the photo. There was nothing for a second and then: "Good job, Peg. This will make it easier."

Peggy's eyes welled, and she pressed against Rob. Her finger moved, unlocking the shutter and pressing the release button out of habit.

"Thanks, Dad." The camera clicked.



Robin Lewis
Second Prize

The New UGS Management Team

would like to thank

Ken, Chris, Randy, Dennis, Jamie, Bruce & Nancy

for their support, encouragement and the confidence placed in us.

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1985 CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST

For the fourth year, winners of the Annual Cal Poly Creative Writing Contest are having their work published in a supplement to the *Poly Royal Mustang Daily*. It is fitting that these talented student writers receive this recognition and that the Cal Poly community be given an opportunity to read their poems and stories.

The English Department began the Annual Cal Poly Creative Writing Contest in the Spring of 1971 in an effort to encourage creative writing across the campus. The contest is open to all Cal Poly students. Entries have come from as many as 27 different majors, and winners have come from a variety of majors. There are two divisions in the contest—a short story division and a poetry division. Each

division has cash prizes of \$50.00 for first place, \$30.00 for second place, and \$20.00 for third place. In addition, honorable mentions are given.

Students use a pseudonym when entering the contest, and it is not until the judges have reached their final decisions that the true names of the winning writers are revealed. Approximately one month after the deadline for submitting entries, the winners are announced, and soon afterwards there is an Awards Reception for the winners, judges, and contest officials.

There are three judges for each division of the contest. Each judge reads all the manuscripts, and then all three judges meet to reach their final decisions. The judges are faculty members

who have volunteered their time, and there is indeed a considerable amount of time and work involved.

The contest would not be possible without the support of a number of people. The first expression of gratitude must go to the anonymous donor whose generous contribution in memory of Michael Gamber makes the cash awards possible. Thanks must be given to the support of Brent Keetch, Head of the English Department, and to Jon Ericson, Dean of the School of Communicative Arts and Humanities. And thanks are also due to the secretarial staff of the English Department, especially to Connie Davis, head secretary

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From page 1

She mounted the steps. As she entered the bus the smell of suntan lotion and cologne followed her. She saw the black-covered heads look up and quickly down and heard an old, dried widow mumbling, "Po po po" as she made her way down the aisle. The seats were filled and many were standing. Patrice gave a disgusted sigh at the thought of being pushed against them on the long, winding ride down the rutty road. She raised her arm to clutch the strap from the ceiling for support, and as she did a Greek man stood and offered his seat, his eyes to the floor. His face was brown and wrinkled. He wore a stained shirt and pants. His hands were large and calloused, and his nails were filled with dirt. He gripped the strap from the ceiling and stood next to her, facing the windows on her side.

Patrice sat down. The woman next to her stared fiercely out the window, muttering in Greek while pulling her basket from between her knees onto her lap. The old woman clutched the basket tightly as Patrice put her own bag down between them on the seat.

Patrice looked up to see the driver smiling at her in his mirror and, in an attempt to ignore him, began brushing grains of sand and dried bits of salt from her skin. Her hand brushed over shoulders and between her breasts, and she finished by studying the chipped polish on her nails.

The engine started. The bus jerked forward. The Greek man in the aisle swayed and his thigh pushed hard against her bare shoulder. The stained pants, the stained shirt; just another dusty peasant. She looked up. He crossed himself three times. Just another dusty peasant, but she felt foreign, exposed and angry.

We rounded the curve toward the beach, and as Toli sounded the horn, Mrs. Papadakis stiffened. She nudged

me as she gave a snort of disgust. She could see the tourists strewn over the black sand and she resented them bathing in her Greek Sea. The summer was hot. The heat had driven the tourists to the beaches in swarms, just as the heat had ripened the tomatoes so early that they already hung, small and red, on the brown withered vines.

"If you ask me," she said; "no amount of money would make me let them into my rooms. They don't belong."

"My brother has rooms and the summers are good for him. This year he'll have enough for his oldest daughter's wedding," I said.

The tourists filled the streets and we all noticed them more than in the winter when there weren't so many of them. But still, the summers were good. Look at Toli with his own bus. And he's so proud to put all his daughter's pictures on the dashboard for eligible bachelors. Toli needs the tourists and their money and he is willing to accept. Anyway, I like the ride home in the summer with the beach and the tourists. I watch Toli show off for them, strutting in his new pants and shirt, even new shoes. He helps the girls with their fares, and treats the old women as he should. It's a change, but I don't mind. Winter comes soon enough.

Toli put on the brake and the women of the village came across the road to the bus. They carried baskets filled with food for their trips and visits. Coming up from the beach was a tourist girl. She was thin and browned, wearing nothing but a purple swimsuit

made of yarn. Mrs. Papadakis gasped when she saw her coming without a dress.

"Oh, my God, one of them comes naked," she groaned as she hunched forward toward the woman in front of her. "Toli won't let her on."

But I knew Toli would. I saw him look out the window as he tried to open the door with his hand lever that has never worked and then made such a show of opening the doors. With great gusto, he kicked the door and then, showing all his strength, he opened it with his hands. But the girl was too busy checking her face to notice. Toli is proud. He wanted the women and the girl to know that the bus was his. I never saw him so long in taking fares.

The girl came on. She smelled sweet and strong, and her smell filled the bus, making us all look up. The women looked down and waited for the men to do the same. I saw that she wouldn't have a seat and, as she neared, I stood to give her mine. Mrs. Papadakis would faint, but I stood before I thought of her.

The girl stepped by me. Her skin shined with oil and little drops stood on her lower lip and between her breasts. She sat straight with her back away from the seat even as Mrs. Papadakis began her prayers out the window.

I felt the dirt beneath my fingernails. The girl was browned. She saw Toli smiling in his mirror. Toli with his daughters to marry and his icons dangling from the windows. She

should have dressed, if only for the sake of the women. And then I saw that Toli had jerked the bus forward and was smiling all the while as I lurched and pushed against the girl. Browned and bare with little drops of sweat. She should have dressed. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In the name of the Father, and of....



Eldra Avery
Third Prize

From page 6

of the department, and to Hope Myers and Gregg Parras, who accepted all the manuscripts from students, answered questions, typed announcements, and typed letters of congratulations and appreciation. And of course, thanks must be extended to those dedicated teachers who judged the contest this year: David Kann, Peggy Lant, Nancy Lucas, David Rollings, Mona Rosenman, and Jim Simmons, all

of whom are members of the English department.

We owe a special thanks to the editorial and advertising staff of the *Mustang* for making this publication possible, and a special thanks to Robin Lewis and Kim Miller for overseeing this publication.

A.W. Landwehr, Coordinator
Cal Poly

Creative Writing Contest
English Department

CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST WINNERS 1985

FICTION

First-Jan Sprague-Chaffin "A Misconceived Notion"
Second-Robin Lewis "Frames"
Third-Eldra Avery "Toli's Bus"

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Betti Johnson "Roads"
Eldra Avery "To the Rhythm of the Rhumba"
Mark Roberts "At Seventy"

POETRY

First-Erika Swanson
Second-Michael Churchman
Third-Dian Newel

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Loni Cummings
Pam Gausman
Eldra Avery
Pam Cobb
Cheryl Brownson
Grace Dixon

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